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TOO MUCH BEEFSTEAK.

This is the day of ex-Congressman "Tim" Campbell's annual beefsteak dinner. The great gorge will take place at the Oriental Club, in Grand street.

Records come and go among the beefsteak eaters; the champion of one year may be on a diet of toast and tea the next. From the list of invited guests we miss Robert Van Wyck, champion of 1897 with a record of six pounds of succulent steak consumed at a sitting. Diver is not there; death has claimed him. But where is "Tommy" Dinneen, who made away with six pounds last December at the Atlantic Garden beefsteakers' tournament? That was a gargantuan feast, at which little "Charley" Abrams, weight ninety-eight, put seven pounds of sirloin under his waistcoat. Where is Albert Kramer, record six and a half? Where is Alderman Forges, five and three-quarters? Where is Isaac Fromme, metropolitan champion to date with a consumption of seven and a quarter pounds? Is not one Class A appetite to be represented?

Seven pounds of steak at a sitting! Nearly five times the necessary daily allowance of solid food for a man in good health. Add to this the amount of fluid requisite for the mastication of this nitrogenous mass and the bread and butter and condiments accompanying it to make it palatable and an idea may be had of the extent of the imposition put upon the stomach.

The thorough digestion of such a meal is impossible. According to Dr. T. K. Chambers, high British authority, "a man in the prime of life who puts too much meat into a good stomach retains in his blood an excess of uric acid." The little crystals of the acid are visible under the microscope—thousands of tiny insoluble diamonds that cut and scratch the excretory organs. Their continued presence means gout or rheumatism or fatal Bright's disease.

All Americans eat too much meat; it is a national failing. Meat is more plentiful with us than abroad; our native roasts surpass the "roast beef of old England" and our beefsteak has no rival. We are wont to fancy that it is the alimentary basis on which our national greatness rests. Perhaps it is.

Yet there is no other single cause which so directly contributes to the physical collapse of men in middle life as too much meat.

The "apoplectic age," extending from fifty to sixty-five, comes ten years earlier than it should; and meat more than "overwork," as much as alcohol, hastens its untimely approach.

STUDYING OUR SUBWAY.

If there is a time for all things it must be said that the London Commission which has arrived to study our subway methods has chosen a most inopportune occasion.

The subway is now in its most quiescent state. The street surface above is largely restored, derrick and hoist and debris have been removed, the bridges over which pedestrians creep perilously are gone and what was lately an aspect of upheaval has quieted down into normal conditions. Even the trade of the half-bankrupt merchant has begun to revive.

Moreover, it is too early for the new subway down lower Broadway to have developed the rampant mood which was the distinguishing characteristic of the old. The first borings are being made with a care and a consideration for traffic which surprise with their novelty. This is as it should be and as it should have been in the original excavation. It is much as it was in London; but it is not American and therefore presents no new feature for foreign eyes.

The commission thus arrives between times. It can inspect the finished product to advantage. The subway as completed is admittedly superior to "tuppenny tube" or Paris underground. The legitimate boast is made that engineering foresight has here provided for future needs of transit to an extent not realized in other subways.

All this the commission may examine to its profit. But it is regrettable that it should miss the "methods" which made the subway at one time the worst engineering museum of modern times.

THE ASTROLOGER'S WARNING.

Of the many men who make a living by "reading the stars" for a fixed fee payable strictly in advance by private customers, there is one in Hoboken to whom the celestial bodies have been especially communicative. In their kindness they have foretold him various important governmental happenings-to-be, which he as a good citizen has made public for the benefit of the President without thought of remuneration.

Mars, for example, has taken the astrologer into his confidence to say that there is great trouble ahead for the entire nation—strikes, riots, catastrophes, calamities and holocausts. Serious difficulties are to beset our vessels, more Maine reefs, probably; cyclones, earthquakes, floods and fearsome things all around are to occur. Mars has said it and Saturn, "from the seventh mansion of the skies," has confirmed the dread prophecy.

All this is somewhat general; if you desire to know your own particular share in the calamities to come the Professor may have a private wireless message from the empyrean the contents of which he will disclose for the customary fee.

The local astrologers have made no public announcement likely to cause perturbation. Perhaps they are too busy with private business, advising patrons how "Steel" is going or on what date the absent husband will return. Saturn in his omniscience takes cognizance of these matters also.

THE MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

The Troy mill girl becomes the bride of the "wed" millionaire and the Brooklyn department store salesgirl wins the Italian count for a husband. No recent drawing in the matrimonial lottery has shown a more interesting allotment of the capital prizes.

It is a long distance from a Brooklyn dry goods counter to an Italian chateau, but is there any doubt that the new countess will conduct herself as if to the manner born? It is a way the American girl has. We are equally certain that the millionaire's bride possesses the adaptability which will make her a capable mistress of a country home.

The Misadventures of Archie — A Lesson in Astronomy He Didn't Expect to Take.

Altho they say that love is blind, —



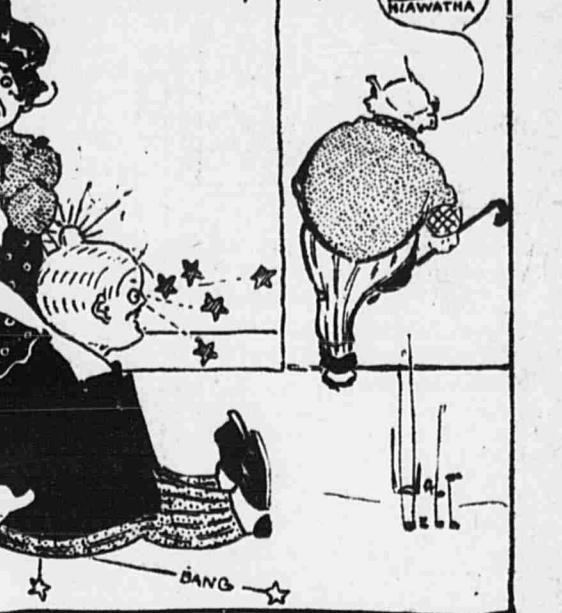
We know there are papas —



Who often make a lover see —



A multitude of stars.



Confessions

...of... A Male Flirt.

Edited by

ROY L. MCCARDELL.

Note.—The editor of these "Confessions" desires it to be thoroughly understood that he has no connection with these memoirs of a "male" other than having prepared them for publication. They are the genuine personal experience of another.

The Charm of Novelty.

THE flirt's fascination is novelty. I travelled once with a cheap, tawdry Indian Medicine Show. And I can assure you in all truth and sincerity that even so hard-ened a deer hunter as myself would get disgusted at the way women, young and old, in the towns we went to threw themselves at the cheap and vulgar variety actors with our so-called "show." I can solemnly assure you that I have seen women of position and standing in big and small towns of this enlightened country of ours throw themselves in the way of the ignorant, swaggering mummies with that medicine show. The reason for this was that these men were strangers and hence were invested with many romantic attributes by the foolish fair. We expect people we know nothing of. Had our cheap, tawdry show saved any length of time in any town the masher actors in it would have been forced to associate with local corner loafers, for that was their own standing in life. But with the glare of torches, the blare of bands and the glory of negro minstrel clothes we came, saw and conquered.

As I said, the surprise of it was that a set of vulgar, braggart toughs such as we were could attract the attention of cultured women. We did do just that. True, we had mashes among the mill girls and the secretaries, but we had "swell dames on the string" as well.

It is a curious trait in human nature, for men are as weak in this regard as women, but the glib stranger can come and conquer, win women's hearts and empty pockets, while the friend, tried and true, will be not add to such adventures, crooks and cheap bluffs.

The story I will briefly tell is not my own but concerns the most loathly of the unpleasant crowd of our Indian medicine show actors. He was the comedian, spawn of the gutter in words, looks and action. A pile of abuse would be a flattering testimonial to him. And yet this human scum, this overgrown guttersnipe infatuated a beautiful girl in a very large city our show was playing.

She was the daughter of a famous and wealthy brewer. She was engaged to be married to the district attorney of her city, a fine young man of brains, good looks, ability and a gentleman every inch. The brewer's daughter had just returned from Paris with her tresses. She was to have been married in a month. She saw the comedian. It sounds impossible, but it is a fact. She fell madly in love with him, threw over the man who was fitted by character and education to be her husband and devoted herself to the bouncer.

Her father was away, her mother was an invalid. She entertained the grown guttersnipe at her home. She hung over him as if she only lived in his vulgar presence. Reeking of whiskey and cheap cigars the comedian sprawled away his time in the brewer's mansion. One day she showed him her tresses from Paris. It had cost many thousands of dollars. The comedian suggested he would look fine in the delicate lace garments. He arrayed himself in them and was amusing himself dancing a la ballet girl in the tiny garments when the girl's father, who had been telegraphed for, entered. He ebita the comedian until he was unrecognizable and then threw him out in the latter, disheveled laces. He was lugged off to the lockup.

In the morning the brewer's daughter paid his fine, married him, and they left town together. When her money gave out, he beat and deserted her.

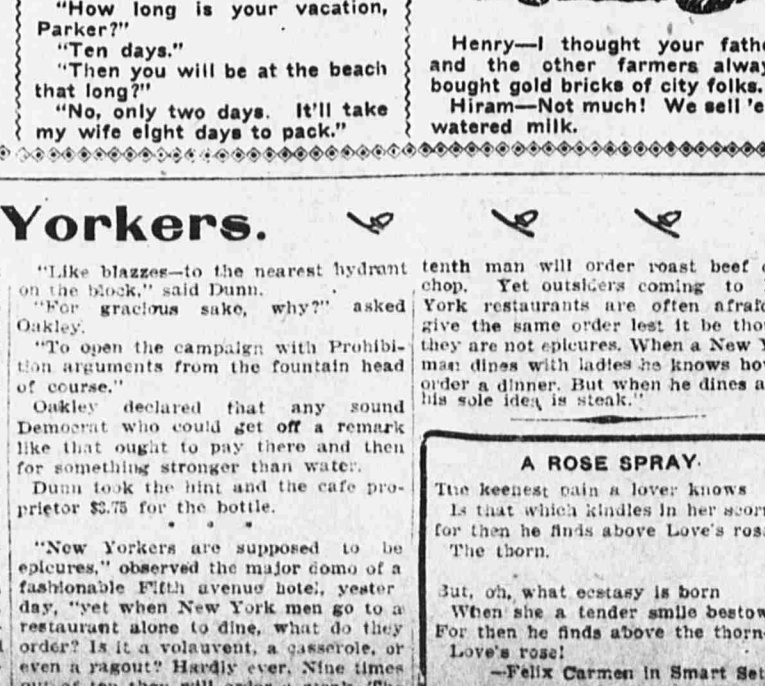
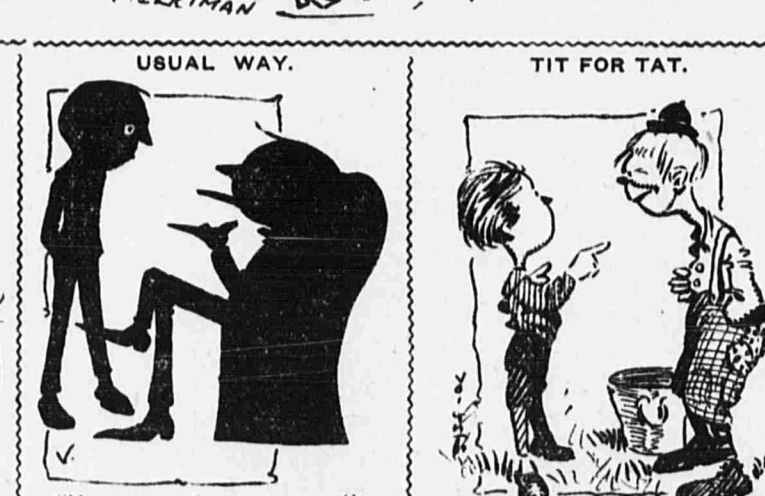
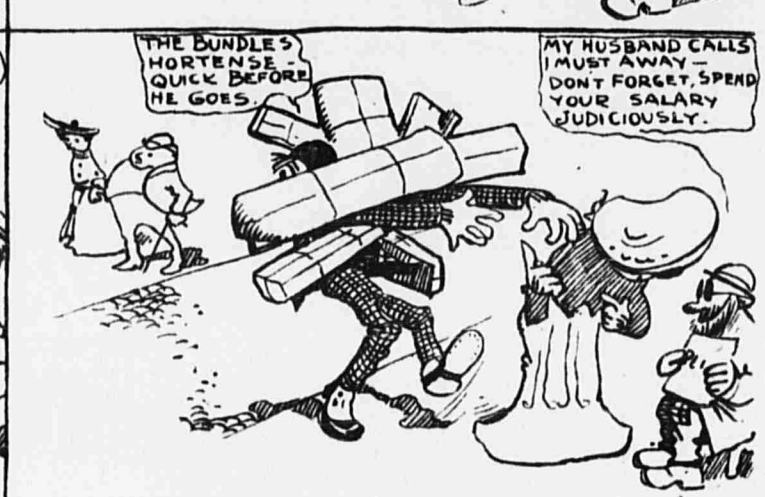
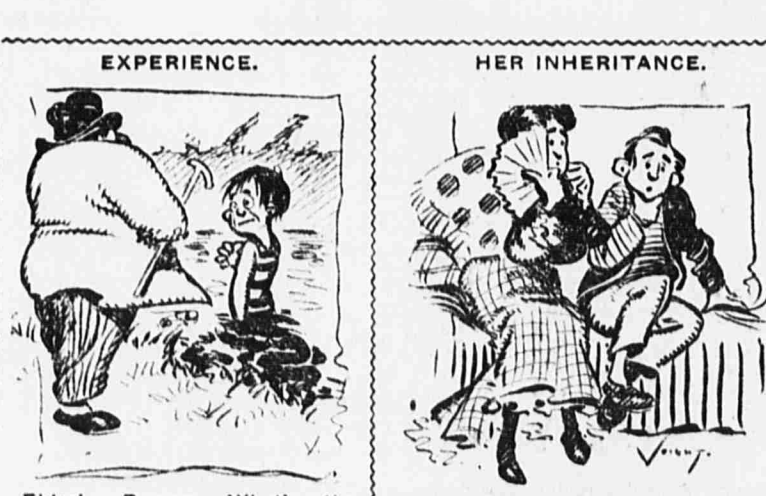
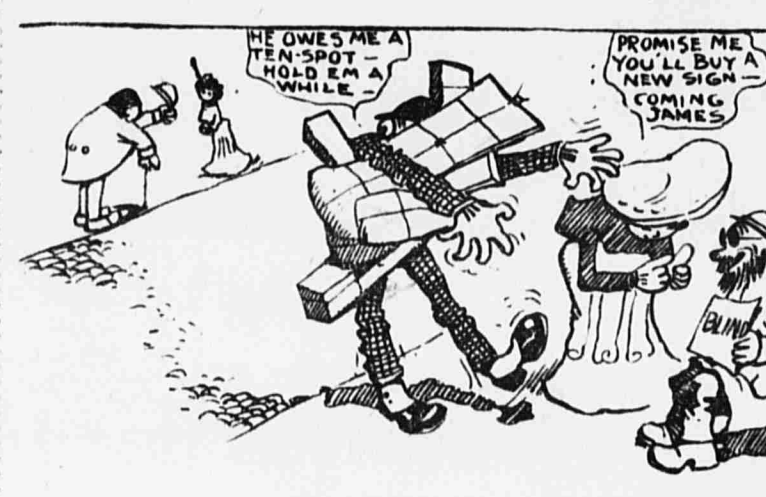
She is living in a small Wisconsin town on a monthly allowance from her father.

WHY, OF COURSE.

"What is the mother tongue?"
"Oh, that's the fine language of a people or a country."
"Is there any real tongue?"
"Certainly. The swar words come under that classification."
"And the child tongue?"
"That's the slang. Some of it never grows up, but what does get into the family in good standing and becomes part of the mother tongue of the next generation."—Chicago Post.

Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

Hubby's Chance to Collect a Debt from a Friend Is Spoiled by Her Too Deliberate Methods.



Jerome's New Anti-Gambling Crusade.

"I SEE that Jerome has asked for \$100,000 for a new gambling crusade," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"He'll have plenty of chance to exercise his money," replied The Man Higher Up. "Whatever rocks they may throw at Restless Willie, they have to pad the one that insinuates that he don't know what he is talking about. He don't care whose toes he puts his oratorical feet on either, and, while it may look like a strange hold on the Reform Administration to say that the gambling situation is as bad now as it ever was, Jerome is all to the good on the proposition."

"There was a lot of amusement up in the Tenderloin last Saturday night when Capt. Burfield put on his glad clothes and went out in the precinct to interview the cops. It has been a long time since a police captain paraded himself on Broadway in full uniform so that all the touts, lookouts and steerers could know him. Capt. Chapman used to do it, but Chapman's whiskers betrayed him anyhow."

"Well, Capt. Burfield went up and down the line looking over his cops, buzzing them on the corners, asking them their real names and writing down in a little book the time and place he met each. While he was doing this a gambling-house opened in the heart of the Tenderloin, so close to Broadway that you could almost hear the rattle of the chips if the windows had been opened. In this joint there are a faro layout, a Klondike layout and a brace wheel. They had a Saturday night play that weighed a ton, and everybody in the Tenderloin knew about it except Capt. Burfield and his fly cops."

"The night before, while word was going around that the new joint was ready for business, Capt. Burfield's imported fly cops started out on a crusade against the Tenderloin women. The lunch got out early in the evening, and when the fly cops got away from the station-house barrier to a running start the familiar faces of females in the Tenderloin were missing. The sleuths managed to gather in ten unfortunates who hadn't been put up to the raid, and their disappointment was so acute that their faces looked like the lights in front of the station-house door."

"Nearly all of the old gambling joints are running. There are so many pool-rooms that you have to dodge to get away from them. Jerome keeps tab on the town, and he knows. He don't seem to agree with Capt. O'Connor that you can't stop gambling in the Tenderloin."

"It's the same old Tenderloin, and the police regulations are as funny as ever. There is a swell Broadway place where they gather a crowd every Sunday night that would paralyze you if you should happen to drop in about 10 or 11 o'clock. The Broadway entrance is wide open and there is a fine orchestra. When the music suits the crowd the crowd sings and you can hear the noise two blocks away. I saw two plain-clothes men and three cops off duty in the place last Sunday night drinking high balls and having a good time."

"Over on the east side or west side in the residence districts if you want a glass of beer on Sunday you have to sneak to a side door, give the high sign and then put your map through a crack in a chain-held door until the boss sees if he knows you. In a great many places with hotel licenses you have to pay for sandwiches with your drink. But in the swell places like the one I mentioned booze is as easy to get as melody."

"That's a lot of money to spend in gambling raids—\$100,000!"—protested the Cigar Store Man.

"But," said the Man Higher Up, "you forget the high price of false whiskers."

Cutting Sandwiches.

"Men who cut sandwiches must have just as much knack and experience in the business as men who open oysters on the river boats," said a man who on one occasion supplied 35,000 sandwiches at two days' notice. "It took seven men to do that job in the time allowed," he said, "and they hadn't any time to spare at that. I paid them by the hundred. The man who did the most work getting the most pay. When they were all through there were not enough scraps of bread and meat to fill a tin pal. That is the secret of cutting sandwiches—to avoid waste."

The World's Bread.

Even the poor in the United States and England eat white bread. In most of the Continental countries of Europe rye bread is the staple. The Russians use buckwheat. The Laplanders have a bread made of osten meal mixed with pine bark, and the Icelanders make their flour from hickens. Banana flour is used in the South Sea Islands.

First Blank Verse.

Blank verse was first introduced into English poetry by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, in a translation of Virgil's "Aeneid," in 1547.